As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away: Goe on Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*.

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeake, Ile goe no further.

Ghoſt. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end
Like quills upon the feareſull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood: liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule & moſt unnaturall murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghoſt. Murder moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and unnaturall.

Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift
As mediation, or the thoughts of love,
May ſweepe to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I finde thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharfe,
Wouldſt thou not ſtirre in this: now *Hamlet* heare,
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my Orchard
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſed: but know thou, noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule, my uncle!

Ghoſt. I, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitrous gifts,
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce! won to his ſhameſull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene.
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine! but vertue, as it never will be mov'd
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heaven,
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed,
And prey on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my ſecure houre thy uncle ſtole